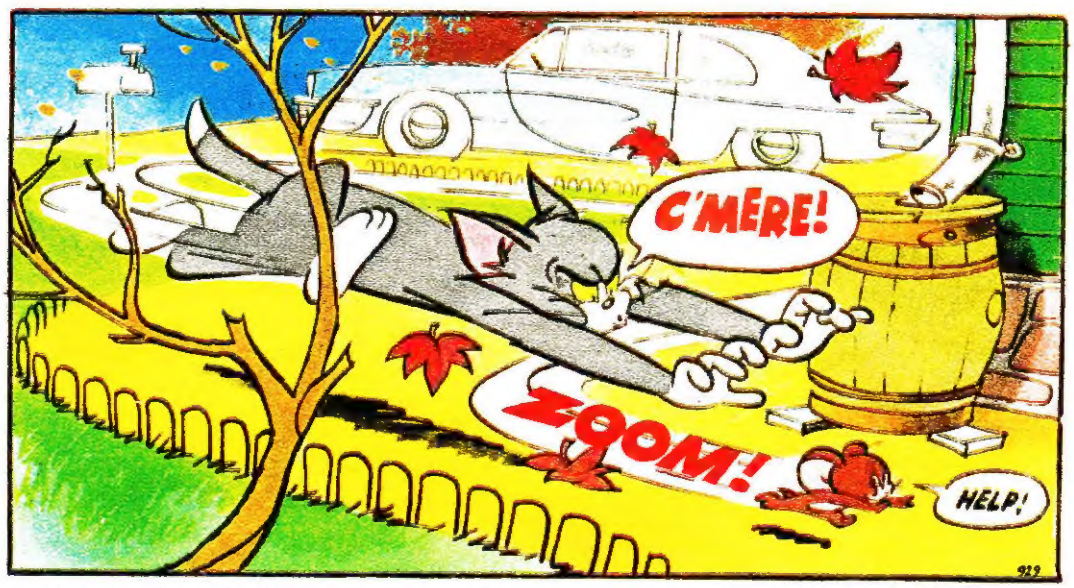
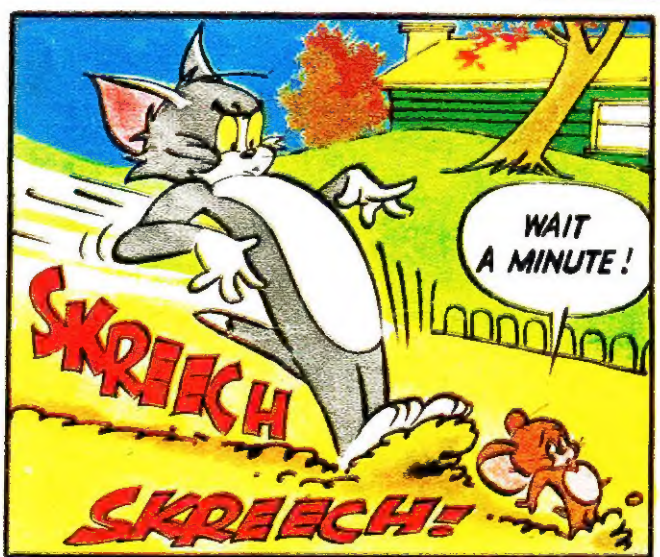
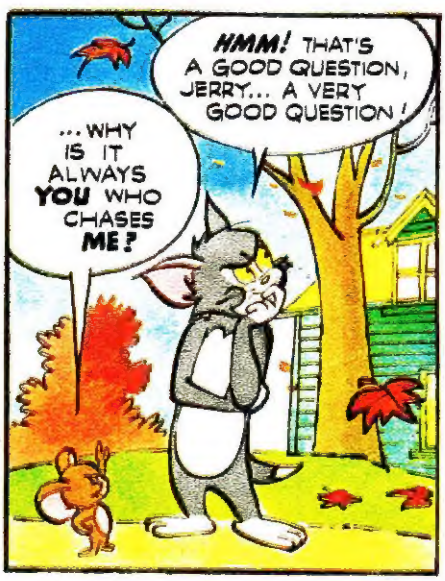
TV COMIC 7d

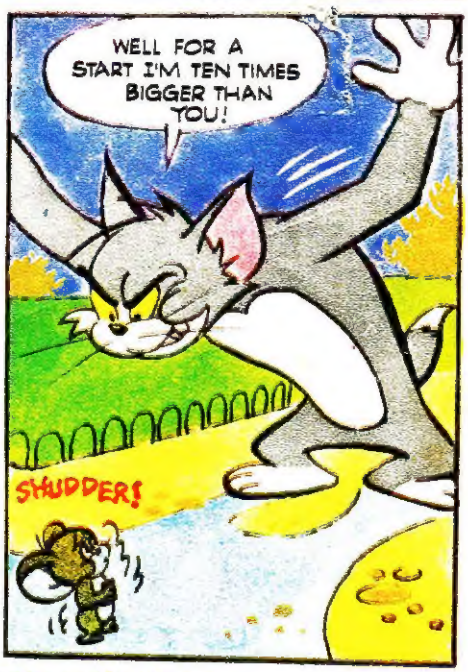
Every Monday | Week Ending 4th October, 1969 | Number 929

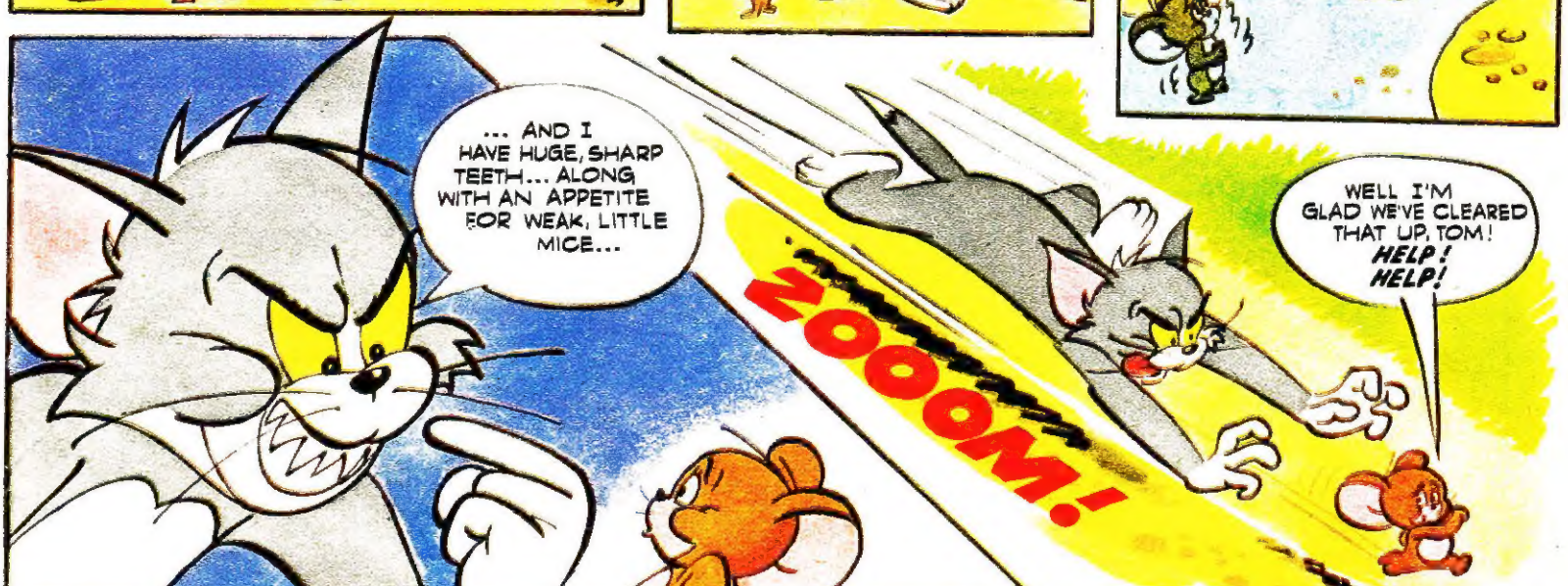
TOM and JERRY










... AND I HAVE HUGE, SHARP TEETH... ALONG WITH AN APPETITE FOR WEAK, LITTLE MICE...
ZOOOM!
WELL I'M GLAD WE'VE CLEARED THAT UP, TOM! HELP! HELP!

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Please pursue this story on page two!

DELICIOUS!
C'MERE, RODENT!
MUNCH! MUNCH!
BUTCH
I SEE IT, BUT I DON'T WANT T' BELIEVE IT!
ZOOM
YIKE!
I'LL MAKE MINCED MOGGY OUT OF YOU, YOU CARELESS CAT!
ROAR!
WAIT A MINUTE!
SCREEECH!
... HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY IT'S ALWAYS YOU WHO CHASE ME AND NEVER I WHO CHASE YOU?
HMM!
... I MEAN I ALWAYS CHASE JERRY BECAUSE I'M BIGGER THAN HE IS AND I HAVE HUGE, SHARP TEETH!
TRUE! TRUE!
... BUT I'M THE SAME SIZE AS YOU... MAYBE A LITTLE TALLER...
... AND I WOULDN'T SAY YOUR LARGE, SHARP TEETH WERE ANY LARGER OR SHARPER THAN MINE!
I FEEL SO TERRIBLE RUNNING AWAY FROM A FELLER MY OWN SIZE WITH TEETH NO MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN MY OWN!
KERBAM!
THERE! DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, TOM? HAR! HAR! HAR!
WHY DON'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT?

More feline frivolity in next week's TV Comic!

TV Terrors
QUICK, GANG ---WHILE HOPPIT'S TALKING TO THAT LADY WE'LL SLIP PAST HIM!
SO A LITTLE LATER...
CLASH!
SIR LAUGHALOT'S TV SHOW IS GREAT! HOPE WE CAN GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!
DISARMED! NOW YOU'RE OUR PRISONER, LAUGHALOT!
TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER WITH HIM!
BOO!
HISS!
THE ACTION MOVES TO ANOTHER SET...
GLOW! SIZZLE!
A SIZZLING HOT POKER...WE MUST RESCUE LAUGHALOT!
BUT...
CAUGHT YA!
HOPPIT!
OUCH!
IF YOU THINK LAUGHALOT'S SUFFERIN' TRY MY METAL KICKERS THEY'RE TORTURE! HAR! HAR!
PAINFUL CLANG!
YEEOOW!
DON'T YOU THINK YOU WERE A BIT HARD ON THE TERRORS USING METAL BOOTS?
IT'S QUITE CLEAR HERE IN THE RULES, SIR... PESTS MAY BE REMOVED BY ANY MEANS THE DOOR-MAN CHOOSES, SIR!
SCRIPT
RULES
HMMM! THIS IS AN INTERESTING LITTLE BOOK... I'VE NEVER BOTHERED TO READ IT BEFORE!
MINUTES LATER...
WOW! HERE'S A RULE ABOUT DOOR-MEN I BET HOPPIT HASN'T SEEN ... HE! HE! HE!
RULES
WH-WHAT IS IT, SIR? WHAT'S UP?
I THOUGHT AS MUCH... ONLY FIVE FEET TEN INCHES, EH?
NOTICE RULE ELEVEN... ALL DOORMEN MUST BE SIX FEET TALL!... YOU'RE TWO INCHES SHORT!
RULES
AWK! OH! NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!
A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HOPPIT!
IT'S ME HEIGHT SNIVEL! ...I'M TWO INCHES TOO SHORT T' BE A DOORMAN SNIFF! ...I'M GONNA BE SACKED!
NO NEED TO WORRY, HOPPIT! I'VE AN IDEA THAT'LL MAKE YOU TALLER!
HAR! HAR! HAR!
JUST ANOTHER HALF AN INCH TO GO, HOPPIT. IT'S A REAL PLEASURE TO HELP YOU KEEP YOUR JOB LIKE THIS!
S-T-R-E-T-C-H!
AAARGH! OW! YAAH!

TV tomfoolery with the Terrors again next week!

THE AVENGERS

WHILE on a state visit to the British Government, President Umboko, of the newly independent African state of Mosambia, is kidnapped and taken to his own embassy. As Steed and Tara investigate, an old tramp tells them how he saw the President attacked and carried off by native warriors.

UNGUARDED – HOW VERY CURIOUS!
IT'S MOSAMBIAN TERRITORY, STEED! THERE COULD BE A FRIGHTFUL DIPLOMATIC ROW IF WE ENTER WITHOUT PERMISSION!

AND MOMENTS LATER...
MY DEAR MR STEED, IF YOU CAME TO SEE THE PRESIDENT YOU WILL BE DISAPPOINTED. HE IS... ER – UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED IN THE CELLARS OF THIS HOUSE!

Based on the Thames Television production

Is it the end for Steed? Look out for next week's episode!

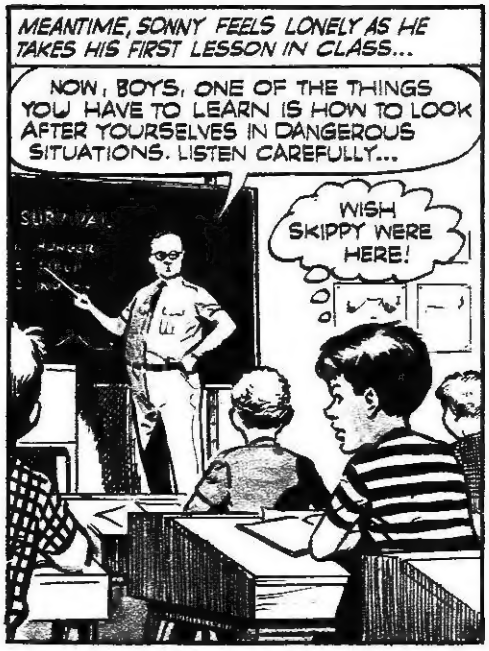
MIGHTY MOTH

TEE-HEE! DAD'S FORGOTTEN ROVERS ARE PLAYING UNITED AND THEIR COLOURS ARE RED AND WHITE!
I SUPPOSE THIS SCARF IS BETTER THAN NOTHING!

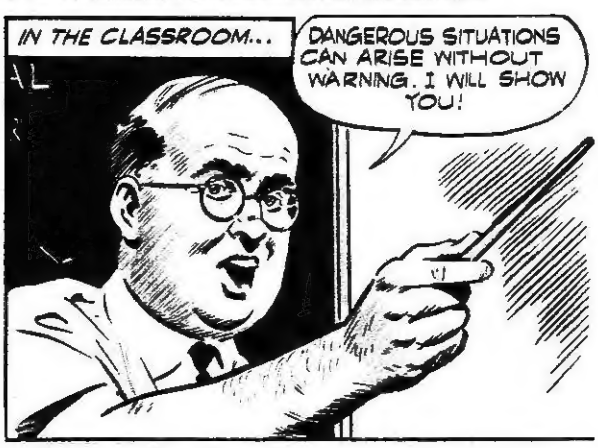
Massive merriment with Mighty Moth next week.

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

SKIPPY has been trailing Sonny to a school in the mountains, and Skippy has never before been in mountainous country. But . . . the little kangaroo sets off pluckily to climb these great peaks. . . .


MEANTIME, SONNY FEELS LONELY AS HE TAKES HIS FIRST LESSON IN CLASS...
NOW, BOYS, ONE OF THE THINGS YOU HAVE TO LEARN IS HOW TO LOOK AFTER YOURSELVES IN DANGEROUS SITUATIONS. LISTEN CAREFULLY...
WISH SKIPPY WERE HERE!

SONNY'S WISH IS GRANTED... BY A STRANGE CHANCE SKIPPY HAS FLED STRAIGHT TO BUSH SCHOOL ...
BUSH SCHOOL
HELP! GLORY BE! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY KANGAROOS!



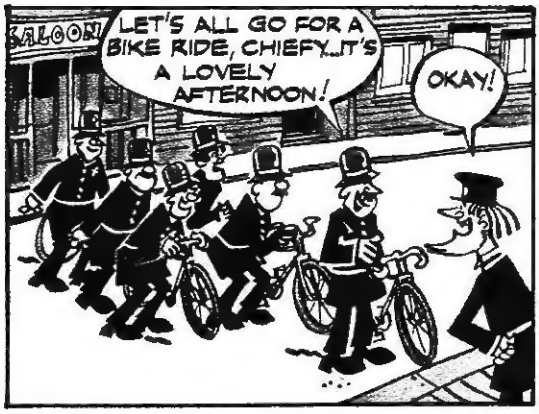
... AS THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...
YOOOP! WHAT THE...
IT'S SKIPPY.. GOOD OLD SKIPPY!
COO! TEACHER'S GOOD! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO SHOW US A DANGEROUS SITUATION!

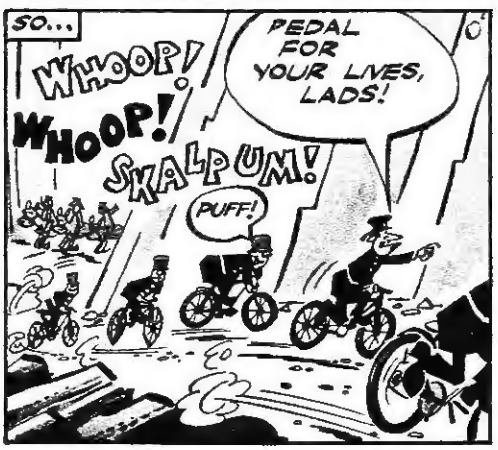
Norfolk International Films Ltd.

Can Sonny come to the rescue? See next week!

Bob Monkhouse's **MAD MOVIES** *featuring the Keystone Kops*

THAT'S IT, WARDEN, GIVE HIM A TICKET... THESE INJUNS MUST LEARN NOT TO PARK THEIR HORSES IN NO PARKING ZONES.
TONE STORE
ME REMEMBER YOU FOR THIS! TWO POUNDS DOWN UM DRAIN! BAH!
NO PARKING ZONE





Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Meet the fastest paw in the West next week—a grizzly bear

BASIL BRUSH

LUVVUS! H'OVERTAKEN BY A BICYCLE! IF THE CAR GOES MUCH SLOWER WE'LL BE H'AT A STANDSTILL!

GREAT AMBLING AUTOS! WE'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

SO, LATER THAT DAY...

OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER, CHUMMERS! PUT THIS ON, AND THE CAR WILL GO LIKE THE WIND!

SPEEDY CONVERSION CAR KIT

EH? TURN OUR CAR INTO A RACER... THE OLD BUS WILL DIE OF SHAME!

DO STOP COMPLAINING AND GET UNDERNEATH THE CAR, CHUMMERS. WE MUST GET TO WORK!

I JUST HOPE... OOOOOFFF!

I WAS JUST SAYING, I'OPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, GUV...

INSTRUCTIONS

GREAT MINOR MECHANICS! IT'S SIMPLE WITH THESE INSTRUCTIONS... NOW I JUST UNDO THIS...AND...

W H O O S H

HELP!

CHUMLEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

(SPLUTTER!) DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD LET THE GARAGE DO H'IT, GUV...?

NONSENSE, CHUMMERS! A CHILD COULD FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS... NOW GET CLEANED UP AND HELP ME!

AND SO...

COME ON, CHUMMERS... IT'S TIME TO TEST HER OUT!

TIME TO THROW 'ER OUT, MORE LIKELY... LUVVUS... WHAT A MIX-H'UP!

GREAT JET-PROPELLED JALLOPIES! THE MACHINE'S GONE MAD!

H-E-L-P! WHAT 'AVE YOU DONE TO H'IT, GUV?

OOOOOOHHH! STOP H'IT GUV, FOR GOODNESS SAKE!

MOTOR RACING PRIZES IN ALL CLASSES

I ONLY WISH I COULD, CHUMMERS... BUT I MUST HAVE GOT THE WIRING CROSSED!

GREAT CLATTERING CRANKSHAFTS! WE'VE JOINED A RACE MEETING!

H'UNWELCOME GUESTS AS USUAL! OOOO!

GREAT HELPFUL HARD-TOPS! WE'RE PUSHING THIS FELLA OVER THE WINNING LINE!

THERE GOES OUR MOMENT OF GLORY!

AND 'ERE COMES THE H'END OF THE STORY... OH, I CAN'T WATCH!

YOU HELPED ME WIN THE RACE IN RECORD TIME... IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO IN RETURN?

ERRR!.. WELL... THERE IS ONE THING... ABOUT OUR CAR!

MY MECHANICS WILL SOON HAVE YOUR CAR RE-BUILT!

HEE! HEE! I 'OPE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON, GUV.

DON'T RUB IT IN,... WHEN IT COMES TO ENGINES, LEAVE IT TO THE 'KNOW-HOWS' NOT THE 'KNOW-IT-ALLS', EH CHUMMERS? HAW-HAW-HAW!

Next week Basil goes up in the world when he climbs a ladder.

Tich and Quackers

THESE ARE THE CLOTHES I WANT CLEANED, TICH... AND HERE'S SOME MONEY TO PAY FOR IT!

OKAY, MAJOR GRINDLE!

HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE A FEW BOB, QUACKERS. WE'LL CLEAN THE CLOTHES OURSELVES AND POCKET THE CASH! HE! HE!

OH, DEAR... ANOTHER OF TOUR SCHEMES!

SO... I'LL SOON INVENT A CHEMICAL-CLEANER WITH MY CHEMISTRY SET!

SPLUTTER! FIZZ-ZZ-

... AND NOW INTO RAY'S WASHING MACHINE AND THE CLOTHES'LL SOON BE FINISHED!

WHIRR!

SOON...

THERE! WE'VE MADE AS GOOD A JOB OF THE MAJOR'S CLOBBER AS ANY CLEANERS!

I MUST ADMIT YOUR IDEA SEEMS TO HAVE WORKED TICH!

HISS-S!

A LITTLE LATER...

HERE YOU ARE, MAJOR...! HOW'S THAT FOR SPEEDY SERVICE?

WELL DONE, TICH! THANK YOU KINDLY!

I'VE AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT IN FIFTEEN MINUTES... I MUST HURRY AND CHANGE INTO THESE CLEAN CLOTHES!

BUT...

GAD! WHAT HAS THAT IDIOTIC YOUTH DONE? ME PANTS HAVE SHRUNK!

ME JACKET AND HAT, TOO... JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH THAT BOY.

WHAT'S THIS...? A TRUANT SKIPPING CLASSES!

SCHOOL TRUANT OFFICER

STAYING AWAY FROM SCHOOL, EH...? COME ALONG WITH ME, M' LAD!

WHA...? URK!

A LITTLE LATER...

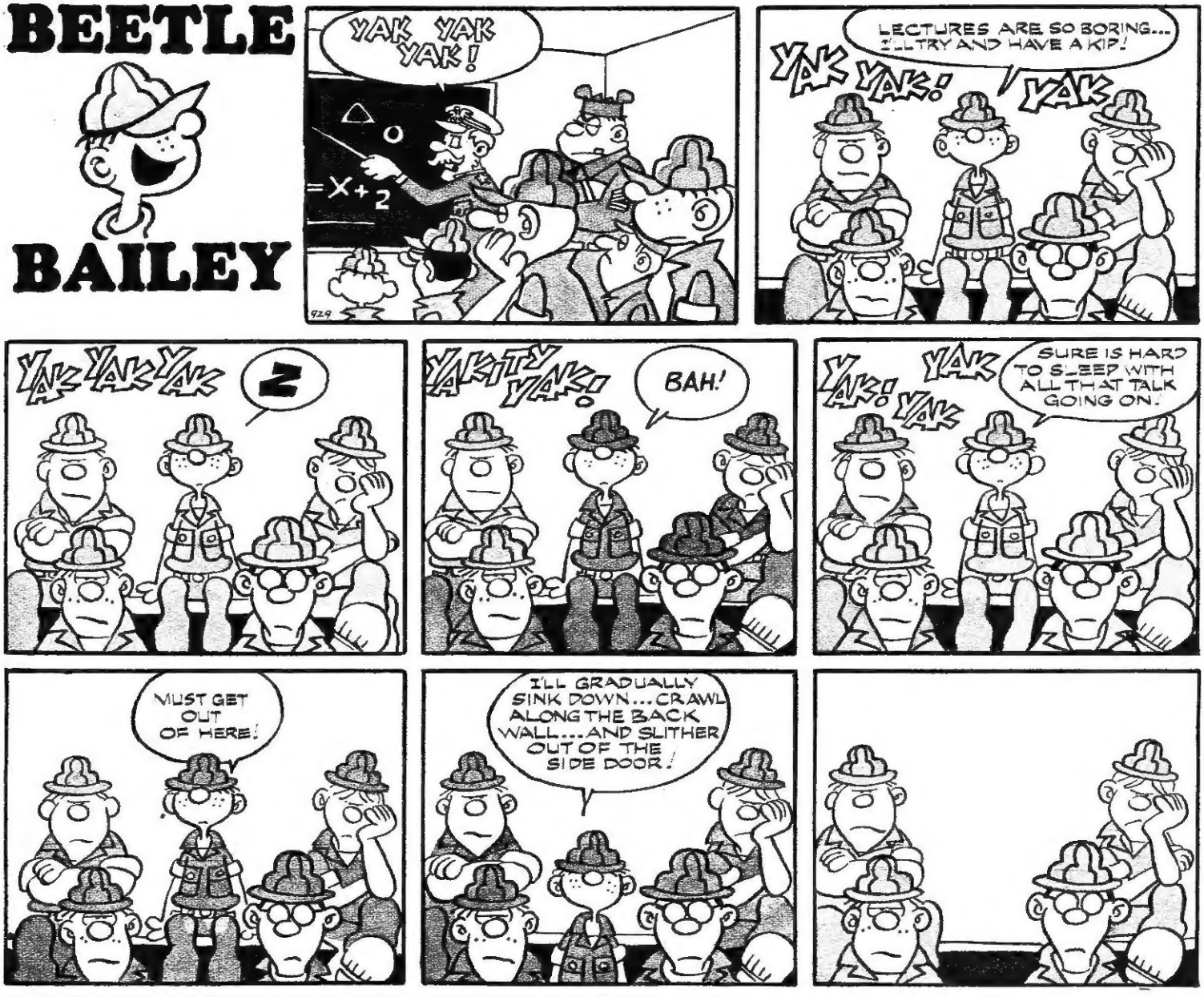
WHEN I GET THIS SORTED OUT... I'LL COME AND SORT YOU OUT!

SCHOOL GULP!

BETTER INVENT SOMETHING TO CLEAN UP THE MESS YOU'VE MADE OF THINGS, TICH! HA! HA!

More giant laughs from little Tich next week.

BEETLE BAILEY



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Make a date with Beetle Bailey's Diary next week.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
CAT CONS CONVICTS
I HAD NO IDEA YOUR BURROW WAS SO BIG, BUGS...WHERE DO ALL THESE TUNNELS LEAD TO?
SOME LEAD INTO CARROT PATCHES AND SOME ARE ESCAPE ROUTES—I FORGET WHERE THE OTHERS GO!
929
THIS ONE LOOKS INTERESTING! IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I GO ALONG AND EXPLORE IT?
SURE! BUT DON'T GET LOST!
BOY, THIS IS EXCITING—I LOVE UNEXPLORED TUNNELS ... LOOKS LIKE I'M COMING TO THE SURFACE. I HOPE I DON'T MEET A SUSPICIOUS FARMER!
HEY! THIS ISN'T A CARROT PATCH...THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE A PRISON YARD OR SOMETHING!
RM.
WHAT KEPT YOU CAT-FACE? WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR HOURS?
?
OKAY BOYS, HURRY IT UP! CAT-FACE MAGRAW HAS DUG THROUGH AT LAST! PILE IN!
SO...
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE—WHAT IS ALL THIS?
SHADDUP! JUST LEAD THE WAY, CAT-FACE, AND THIS HAD BETTER NOT BE A TRAP...
THAT'S FUNNY? I COULD HAVE SWORN I JUST SAW SYLVESTER RUN PAST FOLLOWED BY A BUNCH OF GUYS IN UNIFORM!
HEY! COME BACK HERE! STOP THAT CROOK!
SORRY I CAN'T STOP TO EXPLAIN BUGS!
LATER...
PUFF! PUFF! WHEE-OOF! BOY, THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
WELL, A BUNCH OF CONVICTS FOLLOWED ME DOWN A TUNNEL THINKING I WAS STAGING A JAIL-BREAK—BUT WE MET A BUNCH OF COPS DOWN ANOTHER TUNNEL...
...AND THE TROUBLE IS, THE CONVICTS THINK I RATTED ON THEM AND THE COPS THINK I'M A CROOK, SO NOW BOTH LOTS ARE AFTER ME...
SO IF ANYBODY COMES ALONG HERE—WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF RABBITS HAVING A CUP OF TEA AND A CHAT IN OUR BURROW... OKAY?
HOME

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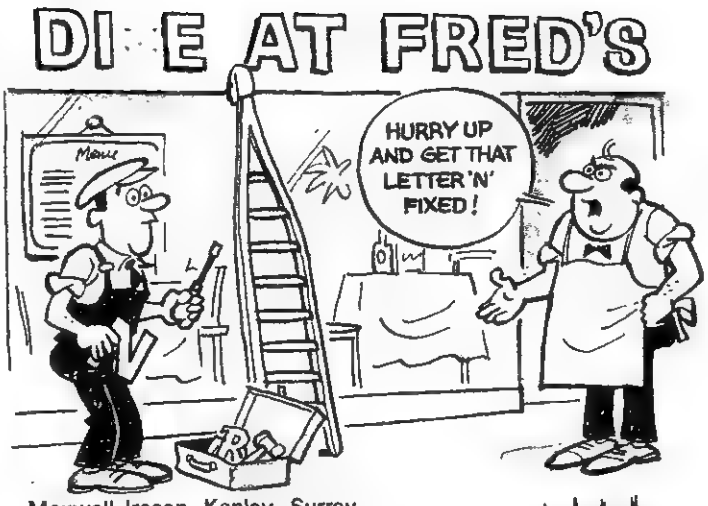
Watch this space for a space story next week!

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

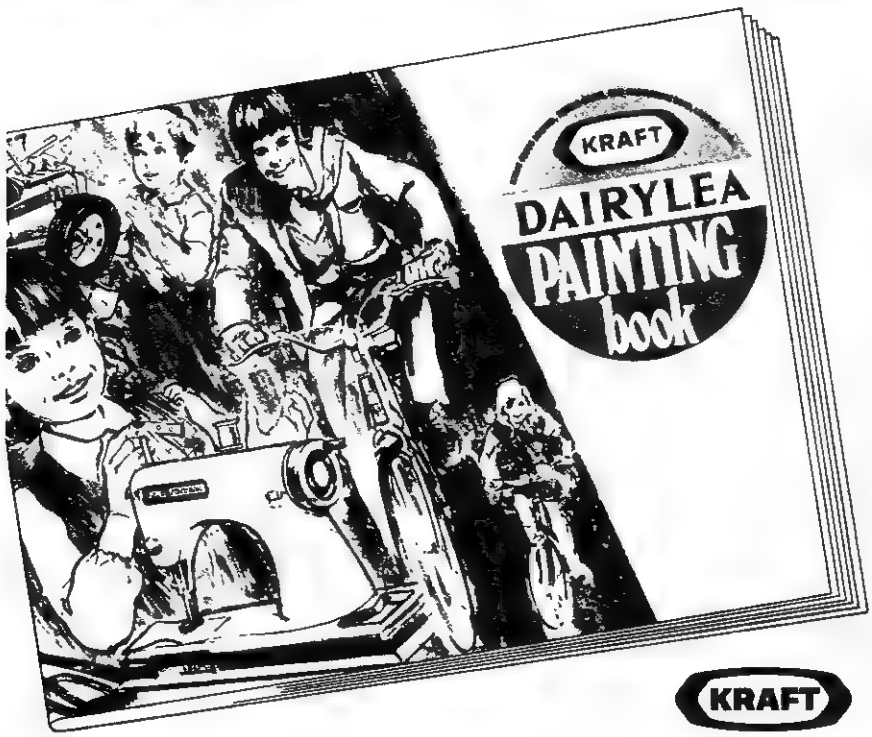
John Bamford, Wilmslow, Cheshire



Maxwell Ireson, Kenley, Surrey.

Peter Hunt, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottingham.

FREE! SUPER PAINTING BOOK



KRAFT

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Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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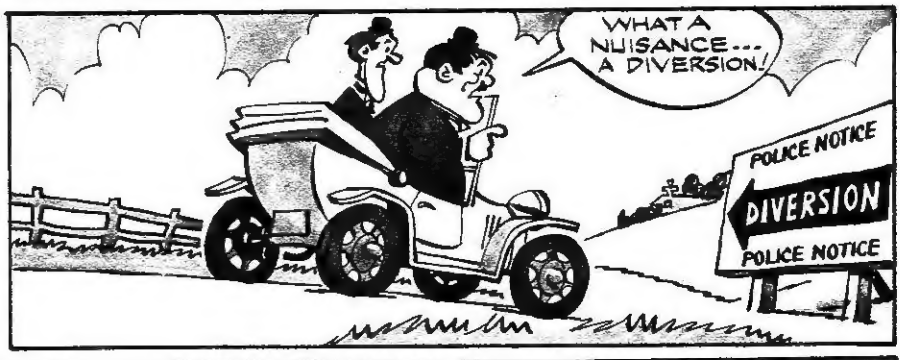
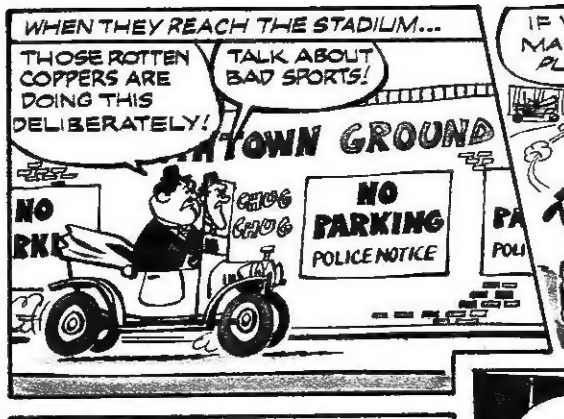
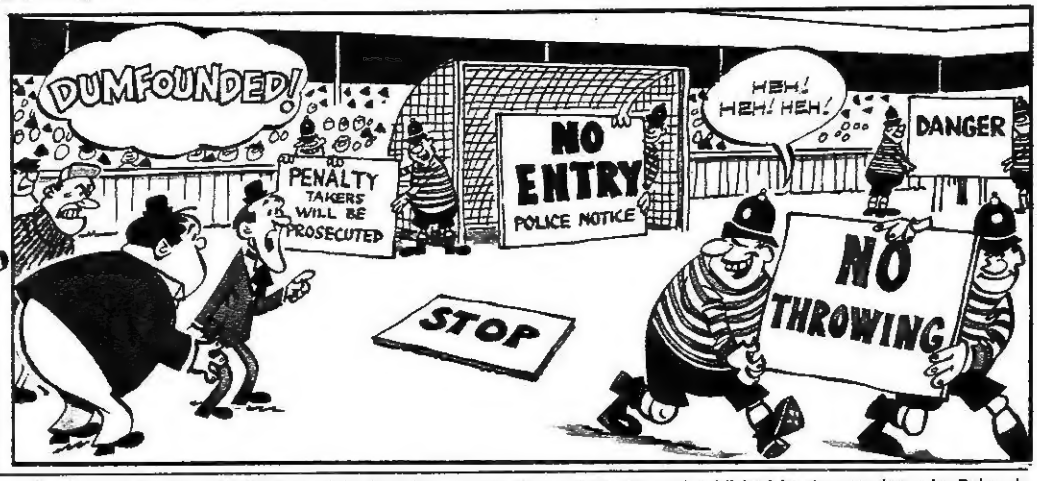
WE'RE PLAYING THE LOCAL POLICE SIDE THIS AFTERNOON!
THEY WERE A PUSHOVER THE LAST TIME WE PLAYED 'EM... OUR TEAM WON TWENTY THREE-NIL HO! HO!



SO... FANCY DIVERTING TRAFFIC UP A HILL LIKE THIS... WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE REACH THE GROUND IN TIME FOR THE MATCH!
GROAN!
CHUG! CHUG!
CHUG! CHUG!



AT THE STADIUM THEY MEET THE REST OF THE TEAM...
THE POLICE HAVE DONE THEIR BEST TO TIRE US OUT PUFF! BEFORE WE EVEN GET ON THE PITCH, CAPTAIN!
THEY MUST REALLY BE ANGRY ABOUT LOSING THE LAST TIME!
GASP
PANT
PUFF



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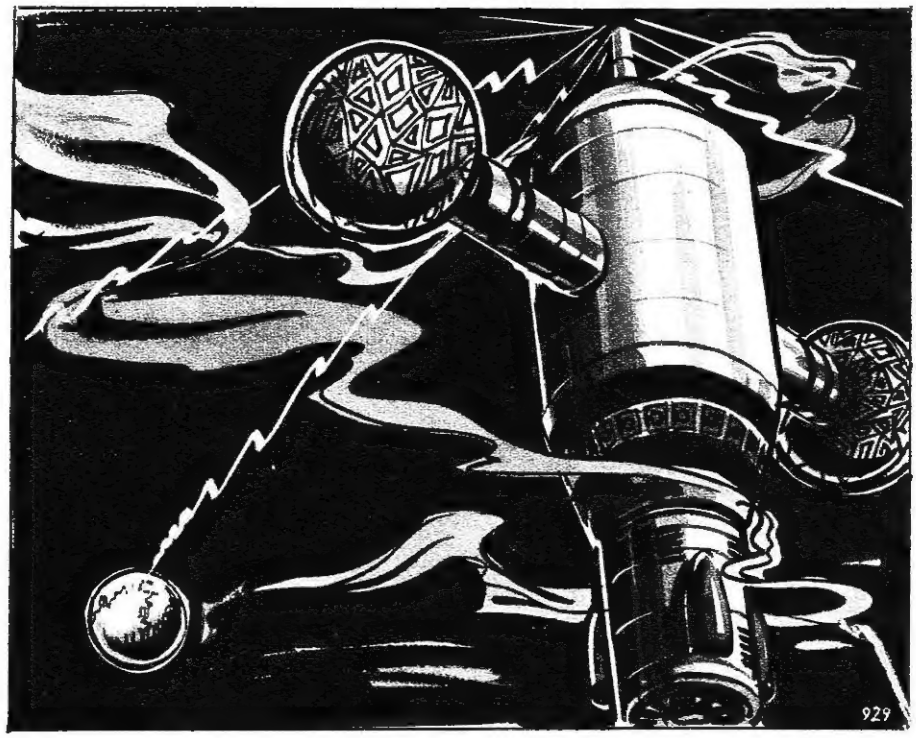
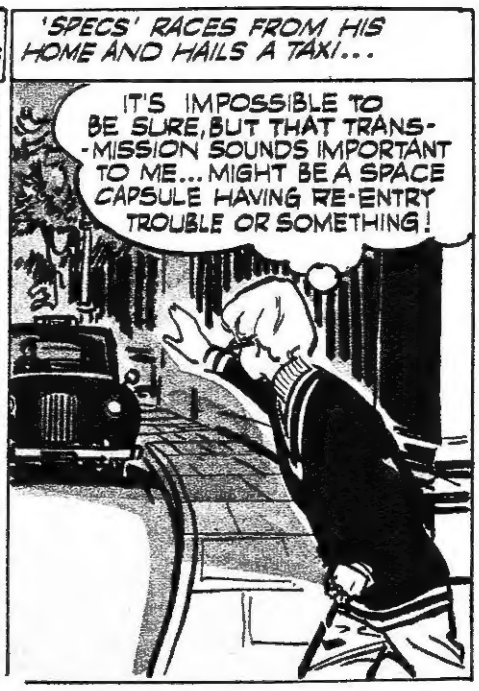
DOCTOR

IN the blackness of space, not far beyond the Earth's atmosphere, distress signals crackle from an alien craft. Unable to return to their home planet due to irreparable damage to their navigational equipment, the aliens send out a desperate S.O.S. . . .



IN A BASEMENT BELOW THE MAGNIFICENT CRABSHAW MANSION, TEN-YEAR-OLD 'SPECS' CRABSHAW PICKS UP A WEIRD MESSAGE...
CAN'T WORK IT OUT, I'VE STUMBLED ON A STRANGE SIGNAL...DOESN'T MAKE SENSE BUT BOY, IS IT POWERFUL!


'SPECS' RACES FROM HIS HOME AND HAILS A TAXI...
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BE SURE, BUT THAT TRANS-MISSION SOUNDS IMPORTANT TO ME... MIGHT BE A SPACE CAPSULE HAVING RE-ENTRY TROUBLE OR SOMETHING!

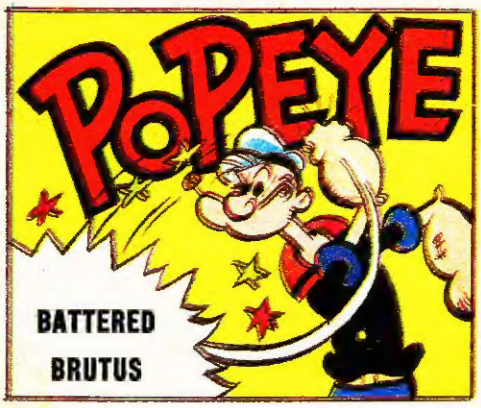
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
I'LL LET THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE KNOW... MAYBE IT'LL MAKE SOME SENSE TO THEIR RADIO OPERATOR! DAD'S CARD WILL PASS ME IN...
MINISTRY OF DEFENCE

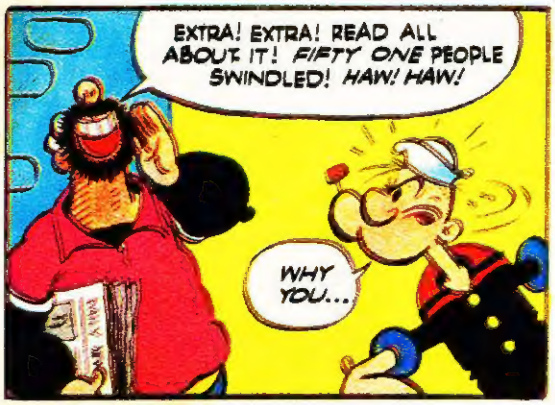
YOUNG CRABSHAW IS SOON TUNING IN THE MINISTRY'S RECEIVER...
IS IT COMING THROUGH? I'VE FOUND THE FREQUENCY!
IT'S COMING THROUGH ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF IT.. NO TRANSMITTER ON EARTH COULD SEND OUT A SIGNAL LIKE THAT...

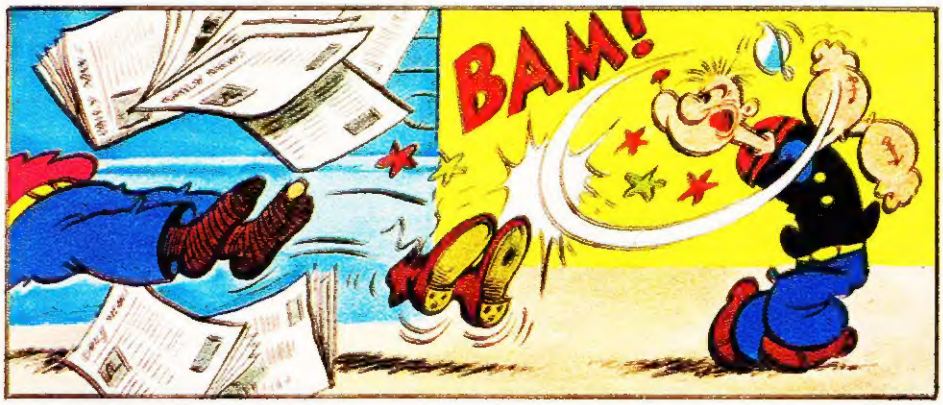
AN HOUR LATER DR. WHO IS DISTURBED BY HIS BEDSIDE PHONE...
BRRRING!
BRRRING!
BAH! JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO ENJOY A LITTLE LIGHT READING!
THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY BY PROF. EINSTEIN

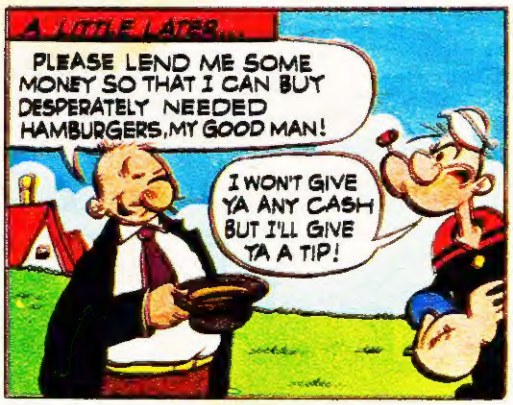
MINISTER OF DEFENCE HERE, DR. WHO... I'D CONSIDER IT A GREAT PERSONAL FAVOUR IF YOU'D POP INTO MY OFFICE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
VERY WELL... IF IT'S THAT IMPORTANT I'LL COME OVER RIGHT AWAY!
AT THE MINISTRY A TAPE IS PLAYED TO THE DOCTOR...
IN ALL YOUR TRAVELS THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE, DOCTOR, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD SUCH A TRANSMISSION? IT HAS MY STAFF COMPLETELY BAFFLED!
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S AN S.O.S. FROM A QUOTRON SPACE CRAFT... BETTER KEEP THIS FACT TO MYSELF!
...IF THE PEOPLE OF EARTH FIND OUT THEY HAVE ALIENS HOVERING ABOUT NEAR THEIR ATMOSPHERE THERE'LL BE A FANTASTIC PANIC!
MEANS NOTHING TO ME... SOUNDS LIKE A LOAD OF RUBBISH... WHO PUT YOU ONTO IT, ANYWAY?
THE YOUNG SON OF COLONEL CRABSHAW, BIT OF A 'RADIO HAM', Y'KNOW... GLAD IT'S COME TO NOTHING THOUGH ...I WAS A BIT WORRIED AT FIRST!
MINUTES LATER...
LUCKY THE RECEPTIONIST WAS ABLE TO SUPPLY ME WITH COLONEL CRABSHAW'S ADDRESS... MUST SPEAK WITH HIS BOY URGENTLY!
WHEN DR. WHO CALLS...
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR? I'M AFRAID MY PARENTS ARE AWAY ON A SHORT VACATION!
WELL, AS IT HAPPENS IT'S YOU I WANT TO SEE.. ER.. IN CONNECTION WITH THE RADIO SIGNAL YOU PICKED UP!
...YOU SEE, WHAT YOU REALLY HEARD WAS IN FACT AN ALIEN SPACE CRAFT APPEALING FOR HELP!
WHAT?

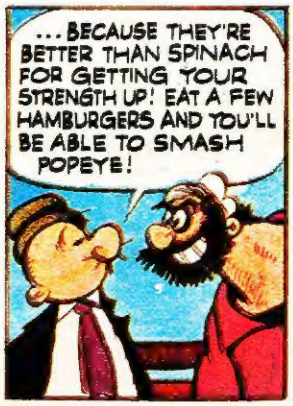
Will Dr. Who assist the alien Space-men? See next week!

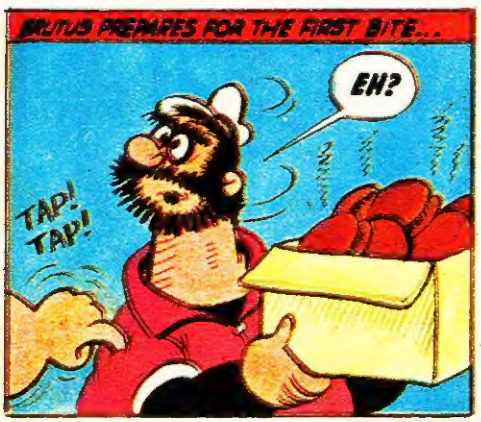


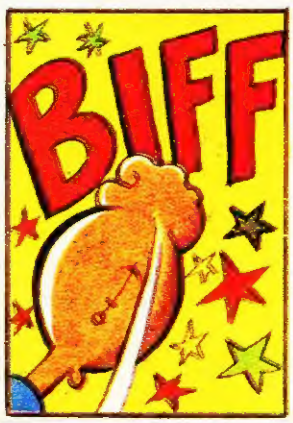


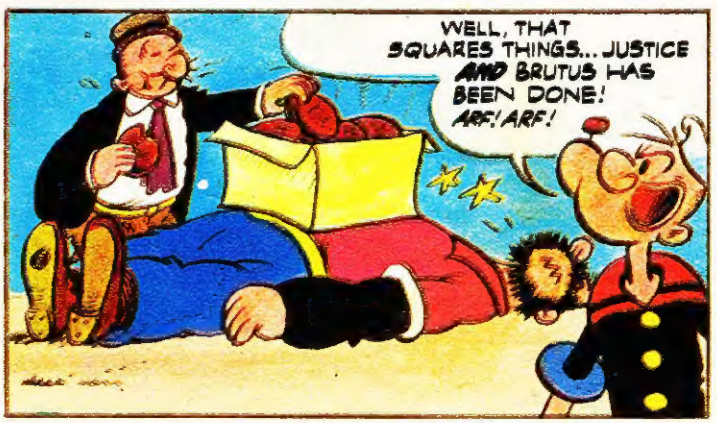



A LITTLE LATER...
PLEASE LEND ME SOME MONEY SO THAT I CAN BUY DESPERATELY NEEDED HAMBURGERS, MY GOOD MAN!
I WON'T GIVE YA ANY CASH BUT I'LL GIVE YA A TIP!









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Hip-hip hooray! Brutus joins the hippies next week.